That you yet know not of ; weele ſee our husbands
Before they think of us ?

Nerriſſa. Shall they ſee us ?

Portia. They ſhall *Nerriſſa* : but in ſuch a habite,
That they ſhall think we are accompliſhed
With that we lack ; Ile hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutred like young men,
Ile prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the braver grace,
And ſpeake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reed-voice, and turne two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride, and ſpeake of frayes,
Like a fine bragging youth : and tell quaint lyes,
How honourable Ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſicke and dyed.
I could not doe withall : then Ile repent,
And wiſh for all that, that I had not killd them :
And twenty of theſe punie lyes Ile tell,
That men ſhall ſweare I have diſcontinued ſchoole
Above a twelve-moneth : I have within my minde,
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging Iackes,
Which I will practiſe.

Nerriſ. Why, ſhall wee turne to men ?

Port. Fie, what a queſtion's that ?
If thou wert nere a lewd Interpreter :
But come, Ile tell thee all my whole device,
When I am in my Coach, which ſtayes for us
At the Parke gate : and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure twentie miles to day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne and Ieſſica.

Clow. Yes truly, for looke you, the ſinnes of the Father are to be laid upon the Children, therefore I promiſe you, I feare you, I was alwayes plaine with you, and ſo now I ſpeak my agitation of the matter : therefore be of good cheere, for truly I think you are damn'd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you any good, and that is but a kinde of baſtard hope neither.

Ieſ. And what hope is that, I pray thee ?

Clowne.

Clown. Mary you may part
not, that you are not the Jewes

Ieſſica. That were a kind o
of my mother ſhould be viſite

Clowne. Truly then I feare
mother : thus when I ſhun *Sc*
your mother ; well, you are g

Ieſſica. I ſhall be ſav'd by
Chriſtian ?

Clow. Truly the more too
before, een as many as could w
of Chriſtians wil raiſe the pri
eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly ha

Enter

Ieſſi. Ile tel my husband *La*

Loren. I ſhall grow jealous
get my wife into corners.

Ieſſi. Nay, you need not fe
out, he tels me flatly there's n
I am a Jewes daughter : and h
the common-wealth, for in co
raiſe the price of porke.

Loren. I ſhall anſwer that
you can the getting up of the
child by you *Launcelet.*

Clowne. It is much that t
ſon : but if ſhe be leſſe then an
then I tooke her for.

Loren. How every foole c
beſt grace of wit will ſhortly
grow commendable in none
them prepare for dinner.

Clown. That is done ſir, t

Lor. Goodly Lord what a
prepare dinner.

Clown. That is done to ſi

Loren. Will you cover tha

Clown. Not ſo ſir neither,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLA